VI

A CENTURY OF SACRED DISTICKS OR, RELIGION IN VERSE,

St. Gregory.

The braveſt thing is a Religious Life.

OXFORD,

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To His Noble Friend.

TO preſcribe to theſe Verſes your fair Name,
Altho but one clean Sheet, it were no ſhame.
Till Something of more Learning I ſhall have,
You ſhall be Nameleſs. Yet, Religion's brave.

One Century OF SACRED DISTICKS, OR, Religion in verse.

To the READER.

IN these plain Verses I have no other ends,
But to edify my Self, and my good Friends

I. *Accounts.*

HOW suddenly may I be call'd away!
'Tis good to make Accounts up every day.

II. *Acceptance.*

Lord! Be Thou still the same. Thou gracious art
And wilt accept *a broken contrite heart.*

III. *Grace.*

I fear not, when my Heart by God is view'd,
As by the Grace of Christ it is renew'd.

IV. *Perſecution.*

To *perſecute* is to hurt the Innocent:
To *proſecute* is of the Guilty meant.

V. *Gravity.*

Let Grave men take ſo much Autority,
As to correct the faults i'th' company.

VI. *Oaths.*

Vain Swearing, if you hear; to your ſelf look,
You be not guilty: Give it a rebuke.

VII. *Luſt.*

Some think they are honeſt, if they do not act;
Ill *Thoughts* and *Eyes* are guilty of the Fact.

VIII. *Company.*

Fairly depart, if there be two, or one
Quarrel-ſome Fellow. *Better be alone.*

IX. *The Lye.*

If it be ſaid, *you lye*: you quarrel and fight:
If told, *you Swear*: of that you make but light.

X. *Rules.*

When you do think or read of ſome good Rule,
Bind it in Rhythm, and put thy ſelf to School.

XI. *Conſpiracy.*

Let Good men make a new Conſpiracy,
To amend this Ages Immorality.

XII. *Again.*

To conſpire in good Actions, is a Thing
Will pleaſe our God, and not diſpleaſe our King.

XIII. *The Fight.*

Single men boldly are gone out, to fight
'Gainſt Sin and Satan. Let their *Force unite.*

XIV. *Fugitives.*

Little's the Hope of complete Victory,
When ſome of us turn to the Enemy.

XV. *Subjects.*

Why don't all Subjects their good King obey?
They are proud, and wou'd be *their own maſters,* They.

XVI. *Money.*

You do love Money. Yes: tis true you ſay.
But 'tis not to lay up, but *give and pay.*

XVII. *Again.*

You give too much? No: what I gave,
That in the better Senſe *I have.*

XVIII. *Repayment.*

What you do borrow, take care to repay:
Not borrow ag in, unleſs you *keep your day.*

XIX. *Night.*

Awaking, baniſh luſt; and think upon
What good work on the next day muſt be done.

XX. *Again.*

Lying a Bed the Winter Nights ſo long,
Praiſe ye Gods loving kindneſs in a Song.

XXI. *Sacred Diſticks.*

Among your Diſticks, thoſe are beſt of all,
Which contain *Obſervations Scriptural.*

XXII. *Gluttons.* Pſal.

What's ſaid of bloudy men, is true, no doubt,
Of Gluttons: *Half their days* they live not out.

XXIII. *Diet.*

A Diet, ſimple, ſpare, not exceſſive,
Will keep thee in good health, and long alive.

XXIV. *Hoſpitality.*

I praiſe the good Houſe-Keeper. God will bleſs
The Hoſpitable. *Shun Inordinateneſs.*

XXV. *Abſtinent.*

The Abſtinent will have the more to give;
With what they ſpare the needy they relieve.

XXVI. *Parſon.*

Not only give them, that come to your door;
But ſend your Corn and Money to the poor.

XXVII. *Rich.*

The Rich have a Temptation to exceed:
In great Proſperity then take great heed.

XXVIII.

XXVIII. *Sayings.*

Arch-Biſhop *Sheldon's*: *Do well, and be merry.*
Old Biſhop *Hacket's*: *Serve God, and be cheary.*

XXIX. *Entertainment.*

My Learned Friend, inſtead of Second-Courſe,
Let us have ſome Religious Diſcourſe.

XXX. *Old Age.*

Your Seventy years are paſt: You are alive,
To bring forth *more Fruit* now, at Seventy Five.

XXXI. *Forms.*

With bare External Forms be not content:
Joyn unto them an *Heart Obedient.*

XXXII. *Life* and *Light.* Pſal.

The Well-Spring of *True Life*, Lord, is in Thee:
And in *thy Light* thy Servant Light ſhall ſee.

XXXIV. *God.* Pſal.

Thy *Mercy* reacheth to the Heavens ſo high:
Thy *Judgments*, Lord, in the great Deep do lye.

XXXV. *Preacher*

Let not a Preacher overmuch complain:
To win Souls is great pleaſure, is great gain.

XXXVII. *Earthly.*

Could we in Earthly Seats for ever reſt,
'Twere ſome pretence for feathering our Neſt.

XXXVIII. *Mors tua, mors Chriſti.* &c.

Thy death, Chriſt's Death, the world's fraud, pains of hell,
Glory of Heaven; Theſe *five* remember well.

XXX X. *Suſtine* and *Abſtine.* Epict.

Philoſophy in ſhort: Hardſhips ſuſtain
Of Virtue: From delights of Vice abſtain.

XL. *Fear.*

Fear is a Virtue: Be not thou fearleſs
Of that dark Pit, from whence is no regreſs.

XLI. *Servant.*

I'm ſometimes angry with my Servant: then
Am pleas'd, becauſe he *anſwers not agen.*

XLII. *Philo of Moſes.*

Forty days *Moſes* on the Mount did lye,
Faſting, becauſe he heard *Heavens Melody.*

XLIII. *Heaven.*

The Labour of our whole life is much leſs,
Infinitely leſs, than Heavens Happineſs.

XLIV. *My God.* Pſal.

Lord, I'm thy Servant, Thou haſt choſen me:
Thou art my God, and I have choſen thee.

XLV. *Caſſander.*

New Liturgy, this peaceable Divine
Did, out of *David's Pſalter*, once deſign.

XLVI.

XLVI. *Manſion.*

Friends, would you have a Manſion above?
Think oft, and ſpeak of Heav'n, and live in Love.

XLVII. *Scripture.*

Let ſimple ones read Scripture, but decline
The darker places, till the *Guide* doth ſhine.

XLVIII. *Pariſh.*

The *Miniſter*, if learn'd, and of good life,
Does well deſerve his Pariſhes belief.

XLIX. *Friend.*

I think you are my Friend: I know you are,
If you will have of my poor Soul a care.

L. *Humility.*

Humility's a Jewel. If you have ey'd
Any of your good deeds beware of Pride.

LI. *Hope.*

Ah me! That worldly care creates me fear,
Having a hope of better things ſo near.

LII. *Return.*

Had I not been forſaken, I'd not find,
At Gods Return, ſuch comfort in my mind.

LIII. *Charity.*

Give me a Rule to live well by.
Be never out of Charity.

LIV. *Chastisement.*

In thy Chastisements, if severe thou art:
Lord! Never punish me a *hard Heart.*

LV. *Disconsolate.*

For the disconsolate, pity it will win,
If you remember, *This your Case has bin.*

LVI. *Carnal.*

They that themselves in fleshly pleasures roul
Know not the sorrows of a Penitent Soul.

LVII. *God.*

Christian, when thou feelest his smart Rod,
Know that sweet *pleasures* also are from God.

LVIII. *Recompense.*

Present Affliction is but a short pain:
Joys everlasting, are the future gain.

LIX. *Guard.*

The Godly have, as other, *this reward.*
They have, by God's appointment th' *Angels* Guard.

LX. *Grave.*

Pray, when you visit the deceased's Grave,
We a *Resurrection to life* may have.

LXI. *Company.*

When I'm in Company; I gladly wou'd,
From them receive, and do to them some good

LXII. *Dayly Prayer.*

To pray at Church alone, don't you forbear:
Christ and his Angels will be with you there.

LXIV. *People.*

Neighbours your Books to Church on Sundays bring
Attend the Minister in every thing.

LXV. *Again.*

The face of our Assemblies fair wou'd be,
Would people come to good Conformity.

LXVI. *Children.*

God will now bless us, Meek *Melanchthon* said,
When at a School he saw the Children pray'd.

LXVII. *Again.*

Children may be more gracious, every one,
By the good *Bishops Confirmation.*

LXVIII. *Breeding.*

Look to your Children, Friends? If they're ill bred
Better they had, as soon as born, been dead.

LXIX. *Reverence.*

Where's little Reverence in the outward part,
I fear there is *no Reverence* in the Heart.

LXX. *Whole Duty.*

The *Second Volume* of the *Duty Whole*
Is welcome: May't prevail on every Soul!

LXXI. *Means.*

The better Means are offer'd to live well,
Ill Life will be more puniſhed in Hell.

LXXII. *Dreams.*

With your *Black Dreams* be never terrify'd,
Their *Vanity* having ſo often try'd.

LXXIII. *Examen.*

When Company is gone, Remember this;
Examine, what you have done, or ſaid amiſs.

LXXIV. *Thoughts.*

Repell ill thoughts: Awaking, think upon,
God's mercy and thy ſins, when ſleep is gone.

LXXV. *Intereſt.*

Man wou'd be a God to himſelf, apt to intend
Profit and intereſt, as his *laſt end.*

LXXV. *Man.*

Man born again, to whom his Maker's known,
Know's well, that he is *God's*, more than his own.

LXXVI.

LXXVI. *A Friend.*

Haſt thou a Friend? Value him, To him declare
Thy inmoſt thoughts. *A Friend is very rare.*

LXXVII. *Again.*

Haſt *try'd* thy Friend? Him in thy Book enroul,
Defend him abſent: 'moniſh him preſent: *ſave his ſoul*

LXXVIII. *Enemy.*

Haſt thou an Enemy? Hath he thee withſtood?
And done ill to thee? *O'recome ill with good.*

LXXIX. *Parents.*

Parents may Glory in their Children, when
By Divine Grace they are become *New Men.*

LXXX. *Comfort.*

Ye Souls dejected, who for Comfort look,
Get you a good *Companion*, and good *Book.*

LXXXI. *Happineſs.*

What is our Happineſs, ſincere and true?
To *be and do*, what God wou'd have us *be and do.*

LXXXII. *Civility.*

When e're you meet me, Neighbour, pray afford
Unto me a kind look, and a kind word.

LXXXIII. *Flattery.*

To flatter ſinners, and ſay, *'Twill be well*;
Is the moſt eaſy Path-way unto Hell.

LXXXIV. *Correction.*

To correct Vice in theſe licentious Times,
Some little deal conduce your *ſacred Rhymes.*

LXXXV. Relapſe.

Relapſe you may prevent by diligence:
Stand then upon your Watch, *till you go hence.*

LXXXVI. Viſits.

At Viſits of Great Perſons ſpeak not much:
Reſpect and Reverence is due to ſuch.

LXXXVII. Meekneſs.

If you converſe ſometimes with froward men,
Be Meek: there will ariſe no Quarrel then.

LXXXVIII. Satan.

Sure if the Adverſary do us harm,
'Tis 'cauſe we do'nt our ſelves with firm Faith arm.

LXXXIX. Riches.

Riches (as wiſe men ſay) have their *ſwift Wings*,
And leave us deſtitute. Truſt not theſe things.

XC. *Recovery.*

Marvelous Change, and Memorable Fate!
Thy Faculties are vivid, faint so late.

XCI. Gifts.

Thy Gifts, with God, will not accepted be,
Nor with Men, if not given *Cheerfully*.

XCII. Portion.

For want of Money is Marriage delaid?
Modesty's the best Dowry of a Maid.

XCIII. Nurse.

Let not your Infant have an ungodly Nurse:
All his life-long he is like to be the worse.

XCIV. Preacher.

Then a good Preacher does his Parish right,
At once when he does *profit and delight*.

XCVI. Preparation.

What is your great Concernment? To take care
Of my own Soul, and for my Death prepare.

XCVII. Loss.

In idle Talk, vain Sports, and curious Dressing,
How many Men and Women lose a Blessing!

XCVIII. *Inconſiderate.*

Some enter in the World, and leave the ſame,
Never conſidering *to what end* they came.

XCIX. *Good Works.*

What Works the Reverend *Thomas Gouge* hath done,
Is well ſet forth by Doctor *Tillotſon.*

C. *Good Life.*

Every great Lady, that on *Parkhurſt* looks,
May a rare Pattern ſee in Lady *Brookes.*

FINIS.